

The Noble Acts newly found, of *Arthur* of the Table round.

To the tune of *flying Fame*.

When *Arthur* first in Court began,
and was appoyued King:
By force of Armes great Victories won,
and conquest home did bring:
Then into Britaine straight he came,
where sitty god and able
Knights then repaired unto him,
which were of the Round-table.
And many Jusses and Turnaments,
before him there were best:
Wherein both Knights did then excell,
and far surmount the rest:
But one Sir Lancelot du Lake,
who was appoyued best:
He in his sight and deeds of Armes,
all other did excell.
When he had rested him a while,
to play and game and sport,
He thought he would appoyne himselfe,
in some adventurous sort:
He armed rode in foyrest woods,
and met a Damzell faire,
Who told him of adventures great:
wherto he gave good care.
Wherby should I not (quoth Lancelot tho.)
for that cause came I hither.
Ehon seerist (quoth she) a Knight right good
and I will bring thee thither,
Whereas the mightiest Knights doth dwell
that now is of great fame:
Wherefore tell me what Knight thou art,
and then what is thy name:
My name is Lancelot du Lake.
Quoth she, it likes me than:
Here dwells a Knight that never was
e're matcht of any man:
Who bath in Prison threescore Knights
and four, that be bath twon?
Knights of King *Archurs* Court they be,
and of the Table-round.
She brought him to a river then,
and also to a tree,
Whereas a copper Basen hung,
his fellows Shields to see,
He stroke so hard, the Basen broke;
When *Tarquin* heard the sound,
He dyone a Horse before him straight,
whereon a Knight lay bound,
Sir Knight (then said Sir Lancelot tho)
bring me that Horse-load hither,
And lay him downe, and let him rest,
weele try our force together:
For as I understand, thou hast,
as farre as thou art able,
Done great despyght and shame unto
the Knights of the Round-table,
If thou be of the Table-round,
(quoth *Tarquin* speedily)
Both thou and all thy fellowship,
I bitterly desse.
Whats overmuch (quoth Lancelot tho)
defend thee by and by,

They put their spurs, unto their Steeds,
and each at other fly:
They couch their Speares, and Horses run,
as though there had bene thunder,
And each stroke them amidst the shield,
wherewith they brake in sunder:
Their Horses backs brake under them,
the Knights were both assound:
To holde their horses they made great baste
to light upon the ground:
They took them to their Shields full fast,
their Swords they dyne out then:
With mighty strokes most eagerly,
each one to other can,
They wounded were, and bled full sore,
for breath they both did stand;
And leaning on their Swords a while,
quoth *Tarquin* hold thy hand
And tell to me what I shall aske.
say on, quoth Lancelot tho.
Thou art (quoth *Tarquin*) the best Knight
that ever I did know,
And like a Knight thou hast bene:
so that that thou be not he,
I will deliver all the rest,
and shew accord with thee.
That is to say, quoth Lancelot then)
but sith it so must be,
What is that Knight thou hastest so,
I pray thee shew to mee:
His name's Sir Lancelot du Lake,
He know my brother deere:
Him I suspect of all the rest,
I would I had him here.
Why wilt thou hast, but now unknowne
I am Lancelot du Lake,
Now Knight of *Archurs* Table-round,
King *Hand* Sonne of *Benwake*:
And I desse thee see thy worst,
In, ha, (quoth *Tarquin* tho)
One of us two shall end our lyes,
before that we doe goe:
If thou be Lancelot du Lake,
then welcome thou shalt be:
Wherefore, see thou thy selfe defend,
for now I thee desse.
They hurled them together so,
like two wild Horses, so rushing:
And with their Swords and Shields they ran
at one another lashing.
The ground they rickled was with blood:
Tarquin began to faint,
For he gave backe, and bore his shield
so low he did repent.
What soone spide Sir Lancelot tho,
he leapt upon him then:
He puld him downe upon his knee,
and rushed off his Helme:
And then he strooke his necke in two.
And when he had done so,
From prison threescore Knight and four,
Lancelot delivered tho.